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THAT BABY IN TUSCALOOG.

BY HARTLEY CAMPBELL.

I. You've met the way from Kansas. And knew my Jennie there; Well, I'm mighty glad to see you! You don't seem much of a stranger. Though never here before; Josh, who the gentleman's house? And hang it 'bout the door.

"I cracked the whip over Rosie."

II. What! Five whole days on the journey? Come! by boat and car? Good gracious! who'd have thought Jennie Could ever live so far! Away from the Youngbloods? The farm, and mountains blue— I wouldn't believe it of her, And that's the twist we've got.

III. You say she's not very lonely? Then she don't feel the worst. What! Jennie has got a baby? I can't believe my ears! Just think—my Jennie—a mother, Finner, now, where's this—a fear?

IV. Here, Jack, run off to the kitchen— Tell mother to come quick! Let the baby go to bed, then, Let her not strike a lick!

V. Till she hears the news from Kansas. Will make her very vain. So, you know the little one's mother: Your head we'll shake again.

VI. Perhaps you may think me foolish. For making such a row. But you must excuse an old man— Mind, I'm a Grand-Pa now. Well, well, how the years slip by us! Shout, and cheer, and cry, For all the world like the white clouds Drifting along the sky.

VII. But only in this they differ— We've got the same old eyes Into the harbor of old age. Up to the silent place. Where each may discharge his burden. But I had often said: And thank the heavenly Master Who moved him through the gate.

VIII. But what is the use of talking. I'm just bustle with joy. I like to whomp like an engine— You tell me it's a boy! And she called him for her father: You see, she don't forget! The old man who used to nurse her And play "peek" with his "pet."

IX. Stranger, your message has called up A night long, long ago— The night I came to this mountain Through blinding wreaths of snow. We came in a Conestoga. Only my wife and I! She but the bride of a twelvemonth. Tender and coy and shy.

X. We started in dainty weather. But then it blew up cold. And the snow fell thick and heavy And down the mountain rolled. It drifts as big as the wagon. Ah! sir, that was a storm! Each wore a crop of feathers— Pretty, but not so warm.

XI. The snow kind of stopped our motion. Night hopped as all about. And then I began to wonder How we'd weather it out. Just then, as my luck would have it, Jane said she felt quite queer; On you down how I felt then, sir, With not a woman near.

XII. The wind moaned among the branches. I thought 'twould pierce me through; But I felt sure, there'd be one of us— My coat may save you too.

XIII. The cold, and refused to take it: "Man-like, I had my way. Then on the mountain I hault down. And O, how I did pray."

XIV. Prayed for the night to be over. Prayed for a human form. Prayed for the Father to shelter My pride and hope from harm. But he sure my prayer was answered. For far up there on high, Angels came out with little lamps And hung them in the sky.

XV. I cracked the whip over Rosie. Told Jim to get along. And then with a rush we started— I broke into a song: Not that I felt much like singing. But I had often heard That folks in Jane's way were cheery. So I sang like a bird.

XVI. Well, I reached this place 'bout midnight. Packed Jane in with a smile. Then ran to the nearest neighbor— And that was half a mile. At the door I knocked and pounded. And made my trouble known— You see, her room was down below I didn't come back alone.

XVII. The women folks built a fire. I stood out in the hall. And there I shivered and trembled Until there came a squall. It wasn't much of a storm. But it gave me a start. And I think from that hour on out I've had a bigger heart.

XVIII. But please! let's change the subject. You are too young a man To grasp such delicate questions. Or yet to understand. So I'll bother you further 'Bout Jennie's babyhood. But anyhow this I will say, She was pretty and good.

XIX. There's no use keepin' a secret. She married 'gainst our will. A lad by the name of Jackson. Whose father kept the mill. I thought he was sort of shifty. Though he was big and strong. And I said my daughter kinder. He'd never get along.

XX. I'll not soon forget her answer. "You speak like a queen. Said she: 'I will take the chance. Whatever comes between.'"



XXI. What I said I don't remember. My answer did the rest. And that night Jennie and Jackson Left for the distant West.

XXII. No one can know what I suffered— I walked about all day. With a face as white as chalk, sir. And tried, but could not pray. Now a man can't reach his Maker With heart so full of scorn. Against an honest fellow man. Who for some good was born.

XXIII. You said I'd forget Jennie? My precious little kid!

XXIV. What I said I don't remember. My answer did the rest. And that night Jennie and Jackson Left for the distant West.

XXV. "And what may be your reasons for holding it secret, if you know so much?" "That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to myself," was Ravensbird's reply. She was too frightened, she says, and knows nothing.

XXVI. "Open the door, Bruff. I am going in to my bed." Lord Duns was alone when Herbert entered the hall. His lordship gave his nephew the heads of what had transpired, dwelling much upon the testimony of the witnesses which tended to establish the guilt, but averring his positive belief, in spite of it, that Ravensbird had been the man. Herbert agreed; and quitting the hall, went upstairs to the drawing room.

XXVII. Lady Adelaide was alone. Herbert began speaking in a low and cautious tone, his eyes ranging round the room, as though he feared the walls might have ears of the catastrophe of the previous night. He was proceeding to ask what she had seen, what had caused her to scream in the manner reported, when she vehemently interrupted him.

XXVIII. "Don't enter upon it! don't speak to me! If ever you so much as touch upon it to me by the faintest allusion, I will never willingly suffer you to come into my presence again."

XXIX. He gazed at her in utter surprise. He could not understand either her words or her vehemence.

XXX. "What do you mean, Adelaide? This to me?" "Yes; to you or to any one. I will not be questioned or revivified of the horrors of last night. I could not bear it."

XXXI. Herbert Duns felt vexed, considerably chafed, and he showed it in his rejoinder.

XXXII. "Does this intimate grief, inordinate grief for the loss of your devoted son?" "Never mind what it indicates," she answered, turning into tears. "Now that he is gone, I feel how unjustifiable was my desecrated treatment of him. And if a promise of mine to marry him the next hour would recall him to life, I would joyfully give it."

XXXIII. "You are unbalanced, my dear," whispered Herbert Duns, thinking it better to bury his annoyance and surprise, and to soothe her; but that she really was unbalanced, as to be so nearly so, he was not so sure. "What a pity it is," he more imperiously broke forth, "that you must wear the ruins last night."

XXXIV. "I went there, hoping to meet you," she respectfully interrupted.

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By Mrs. Henry Wood,
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNE," ETC., ETC.

STYROSIS.

Captain Mowbray, an American officer, in the course of his travels in England, finds himself at a village called Styrosis, in a wild part of the coast, over one hundred and fifty miles distant from London. In the vicinity of the village he meets the Duns family—Lord and Lady Duns, Captain Duns, their son, and Lady Adelaide. Lord Duns, who is a man of a very different type from the others, is introduced to him, and is cordially welcomed by Captain Duns, who has been formerly known to him in America, and after some conversation, Captain Mowbray takes him to his room, which had brought him here.

Next morning, Captain Mowbray's attention is attracted by the appearance of a French maid, who is seen to be in conversation with Lady Adelaide's French maid, Sophie, whom she had seen at the house of the Duns family. He is struck by the resemblance between the two women, and is curious to know who the French maid is, and what she is doing in the house.

He then, one day, himself answers, witnesses the meeting of the lovers in the ruined castle on the height overlooking the sea, and hears Lady Adelaide say she would that Captain Duns was in that place.

Ravensbird, being now married to Lady Adelaide's French maid, the next morning says for a private interview with Capt. Duns, his manner, which ends in a violent quarrel between them, and in Ravensbird being kicked down the stairs and dismissed from the castle. He leaves, uttering the most violent threats against Captain Duns, and the fate of the French maid is left to the reader's imagination.

That night, Lady Adelaide, who has been out walking by moonlight, comes running back, shrieking and in violent distress. She has been to the ruined castle, and has seen the French maid, who is now in the castle, and who is in a violent state of excitement. She has seen her, and she has seen her in a violent state of excitement. She has seen her, and she has seen her in a violent state of excitement.

Herbert Duns, when Ravensbird was released from the castle, not perched upon it, as was his wont in gay times, but leaning against it in pensive sadness. That the untimely fate of his cousin gave him much concern, was evident. He looked exceedingly surprised to see Ravensbird approach, released from the handcuffs, and unattended by the guard of the law.

"What! have they let you off, Ravensbird?" he uttered, as the man neared him.

"Could they do otherwise, Mr. Herbert?" was the response of Ravensbird, stopping short before him, as though he dreaded to stir inquiry.

"Do otherwise?" echoed Herbert. "Why, the whole place is saying that there never was a clearer case. Mitchell testifies that he saw you push him over."

"No, he does not, Mr. Herbert," steadily answered the man, bringing his electric black eyes to bear fully on the face of Herbert Duns.

"Has he eaten his words, then, before my lord?" "No, sir. He never spoke the words; it was a misapprehension altogether. When you see Mitchell, you had better inquire for yourself, and you will find that he did not distinguish who the stranger was. He would not have known the captain, but for his falling at his feet."

"And so, on the strength of the uncertainty, they have given you your liberty? I suppose you will hasten now to get the 'or' or some equally offensive barrier, between you and England?" "Why should I?" returned Ravensbird. "An innocent man does not fly like a criminal."

Herbert Duns very nearly laughed. "Innocent?" he exclaimed, his tone swerving of ridicule. "You know, Ravensbird, it is of no use to be on the capital ropes before me. The words you spoke in my presence, yesterday morning, in this very spot, the threats of vengeance you uttered against your master, would be enough to hang you."

"Do you believe me guilty, Mr. Herbert?" interrupted the man, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking at him with a steady eye. "I was about to say, Ravensbird, that you are safe for me," proceeded Herbert Duns. "I make no doubt that you dropped the words in the heat of passion, and I am sure you will not repeat them. I am sure you will not repeat them. I am sure you will not repeat them."

He had reached the castle gate, when it was suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing out Mr. Apperly. In another minute Herbert was in possession of the facts testified—that Ravensbird had been in the sailor's boat at the time of the catastrophe.

"But, let me be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued the lawyer, in excitement. "I can't question the good faith of the witnesses, for I believe them to be honest, and Hawthorne and his wife, at all events, would be true to the Duns family, but some trickery is at work, something is up; the hands of the clock were surreptitiously put back, or some other deviltry. Ravensbird's the guilty man, and it will turn out so."

"What do you think, Bruff?" questioned Herbert, as Mr. Apperly hurried hastily away, and they stood looking after him.

"Well, sir, we don't—on upper servants—know what to think. If appearance—that is, the quarrel with his master, and his revenging threats—hadn't been so much against him, we should not have suspected Ravensbird, for he never seemed that sort of bad man. Then, again, the evidence just given has proved as, for if Ravensbird was at the sailor's boat, he couldn't have been here on the height."

"Very true," responded Herbert, in a mechanical tone, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "These appear to be some mystery over it."

"They had my Lady Adelaide before them in the hall this morning," proceeded Bruff, dropping his voice, "and put the oath to her."

"Lady Adelaide?" quickly repeated Herbert. "Why, what does she know?" "It seems she saw the conflict, sir, or partially saw it—of course, we were rather surprised before, and that it was what frightened her—and the important

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